

he said: "I am good friends with them now."

He declared he was in better condition physically than the others coming out on the trail, and on several occasions rubbed Hinton's knees and whole body to keep him warm.

Just as Farrell had got nearly to the end of his story, Lieutenant Hinton came into the room and cautioned the elder man not to say any more to the press until he had read the telegram from Secretary of the Navy Daniels, instructing the officers to file official reports before speaking for publication. Farrell, provoked because of the publication of Hinton's letters, hurled epithets at the junior officer thick and fast.

"You have been saying too much already, it seems to me," exclaimed Farrell. "What have you been trying to do, make me the goat of this trip?"

"Now, come on," pleaded Hinton. "Let's get outside and talk over this matter."

But Farrell refused to be pacified and his language finally got so strong that the young man of the house came into the room and protested, saying his mother was in the kitchen, which was separated only by a thin partition. The newspaper men asked Hinton if he had any statement to make regarding his alleged letters that had already appeared in print.

"I don't think this is the proper place to discuss my private letters," he replied.

It was urged by reporters that inasmuch as the alleged charges against Farrell had appeared in the press, the press was the proper medium through which to exonerate him, and Hinton was urged to make a statement in this connection.

"No doubt there will be an official inquiry into the matter," countered Farrell. "and if so, the full facts will come out then."

Hinton modifies his story. Later on Hinton declared that the substance of the letters he had written was true, but he could not understand how they had got into print.

"Then you do say that Farrell offered to commit suicide in order that his body might be used as food by you and Kloor and to enable you to get along without having to stop and assist him?" the newspaper men asked.

"No, I do not wish to make that statement in that way," he replied.

Farrell got up to go into the kitchen to apologize to the woman for his language and also to partake of the light lunch she had prepared. He was followed by Hinton and the newspaper men. Hinton put his hand on Farrell's shoulder, saying:

"Now, come on, Steve, and see these telegrams before you say anything more. Don't let us fight this way on the last day."

"Will you say here before the reporters that I did not hinder you, and that I did not offer to commit suicide to relieve you of the trouble of looking after me?" Farrell demanded.

Refuses to Deny Anything

"No, I won't deny anything," replied Hinton.

Suddenly Farrell's right fist flashed out in an uppercut that caught Hinton square on the jaw, laying him across the little kitchen table. The American reporters interfered, and Kloor, who had been standing by, stepped forward and made no attempt to resume the fight.

"What of my sight?" yelled Farrell. The whole company then left the room, excepting Farrell and members of the household.

Farrell declared this evening that he was on the best terms with Lieutenant Kloor, and that he would find the night in the private car along with the other two officers. Kloor, he said, had been regarded as the kid of the party.

A couple of times while they were in the woods, Kloor had lamented their fate, and said he had so much to live for he did not want to die so early in life.

Technical Arrest Waived

Trooper Louis MacLaughlin, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, welcomed the trio and gave them a sheaf of telegrams from Washington.

To move was made to take the aeronauts under technical arrest for violation of international air regulations.

The wearisome journey of approximately 200 miles was covered in about fourteen full days, during which time the party was on the trail, but was not able to keep going all of the time.

They were up and down the hills, blizzards, which they said occurred during the first few days out, and much time was necessarily lost while camping at night and at least twice each day for meals.

Lieutenant Kloor, in command of the balloon when it left Rockaway Beach, was smoking a cigarette when he shook hands with a score of newspaper men in his arrival. One of the Americans remarked that the cigarette brand showed it to be of Canadian make.

Oh, yes, they loaded us up with them before we left Moose Factory," said Kloor.

Greatest Adventure of Lives

"It was the greatest and most exciting adventure of my life," said Kloor, when he had finished shaking hands all around and had got up close to the stove in the tiny railway shed here.

"I was pilot of the G-10 when it crashed down at Jamaica Bay during the international yacht races last summer, but that was tame to this one."

He noticed Harold A. Littlefield, of The Evening Post, among the correspondents and remarked, "There's the man who kept flashing his wireless while we were falling that time."

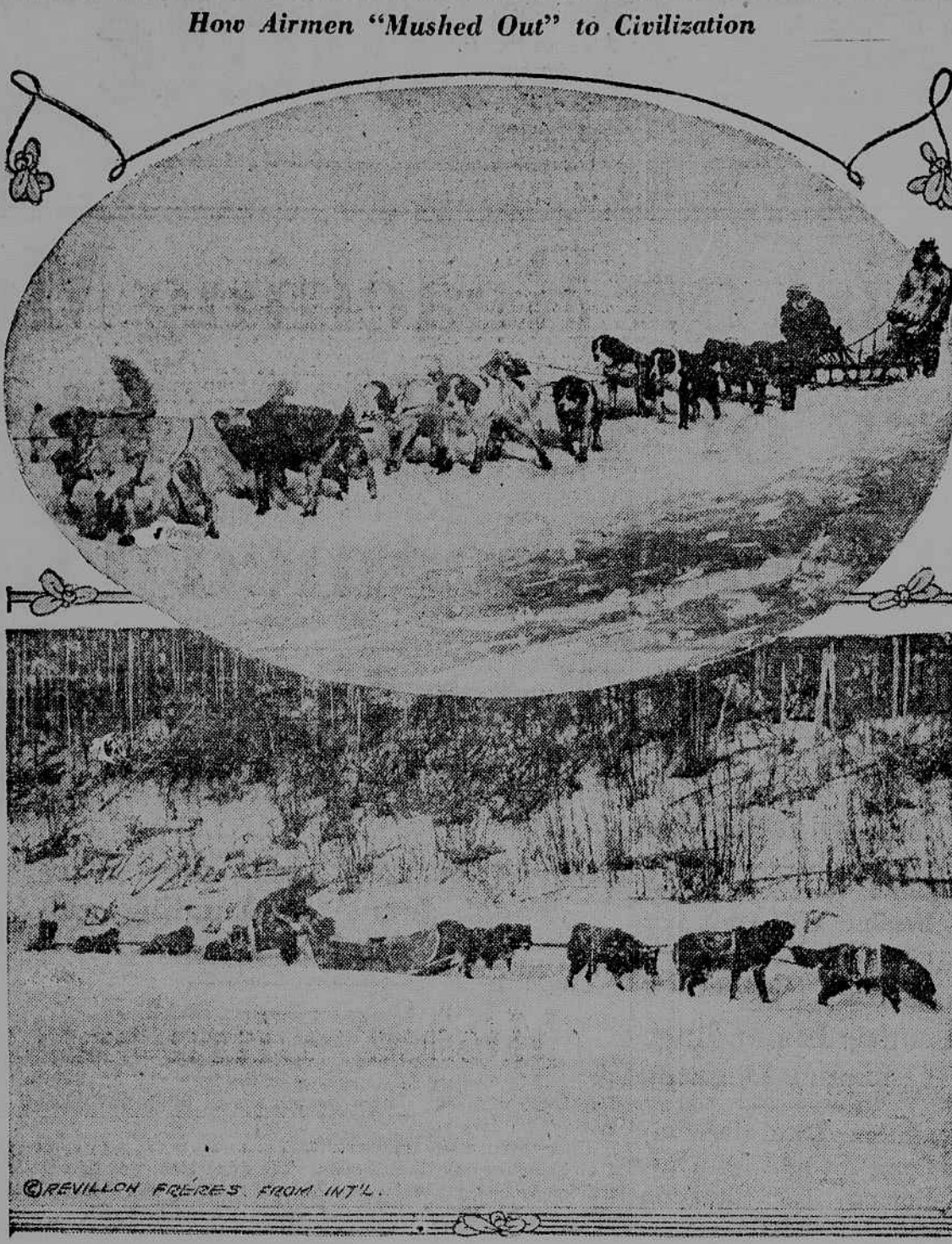
Lieutenant Walter Hinton, who piloted the NC-4 across the Atlantic, declared: "I would rather fly the NC-4 across the Atlantic three times more than go through another experience like this one."

In the opinion of Lieutenant Kloor, the chief fact demonstrated from a scientific point is that a balloon with 35,000 cubic feet capacity would maintain a lift in the air as long. When the landing was made in the early afternoon of December 14, the party believed they were somewhere in the Adirondacks.

Denies Farrell Wanted to Die

Kloor denied allegations which appeared in New York papers to the effect that Lieutenant Farrell had offered to commit suicide in order that the others might have his body for food. "There is absolutely nothing in that," he said, "and even if there were I would not be true to a fellow officer to talk about it. I can assure you it is not true. You can imagine that many things happen while three men are lost in a forest for three full days that would not be talked about. Believe me, deep down in my heart there are many things that I would rather forget."

Kloor also denied the story that one of the carrier pigeons had been dispatched from Moose Factory with a message to the commandant's office at Rockaway. Although two pigeons were eaten, the third was killed and



Typical scenes in the Hudson Bay country. Above—A dog sled team making its way out of the northern Canadian wilderness. Below—A dog sled packet on the Churchill River trail.

would have been eaten, he said, had they not been rescued until a few hours later than they were.

Given Fresh Dog Team

When about ten miles up the trail the airman was met by Sam Sainsbury, a local hunter, who had a fresh dog team to enable them to get in earlier. The equipment of the party consisted of eleven husky dogs and two carry-all sleds. One of the sleds was used by each of the three men in turn to ride short distances. Farrell, it seems, did as much walking as the others, despite his disadvantage in age and weight.

On his arrival Farrell was invited into a log house to have a cup of tea before proceeding down to the private car that was on the siding for the accommodation of the three officers. He was followed in by the newspaper men and on request gave freely a full account of the party's experiences from the time they left Rockaway Beach until now.

Kloor, according to Farrell, was the only member of the party who prayed while they were in the woods. He did not pray out loud, said Farrell, but told the others that he was praying.

The aeronauts spoke highly of Tom Marx, the Indian, and his hospitality. From his hut the three men were taken to Moose Factory, where they were made welcome.

The news spread rapidly through the little settlement, which comprises, in addition to the three officers, Rev. and Mrs. W. Heythorpe, an Anglican missionary at Revillon; a French Canadian trader, Bradbury; a Newfoundland trader who had just completed three years' apprenticeship with the Hudson's Bay Company and was going out, and about three hundred Indians.

The exhausted strangers were conveyed to the home of Rucomb on a wood sleigh, drawn by two horses, which chanced to be passing Marx's hut. Once arrived here, they were supplied with every comfort, and the only worry was the anxiety that they knew was being felt by their wives and families. Had they been in anything like a fit condition for further travel, they declare they would have immediately started to journey south to the nearest telegraph station, but the factor insisted that they would never hold out to cover half the trail in their condition.

Every arrangement was therefore made to equip a dog train to convey the news of their safety to civilization at the utmost possible speed, but, due to forbidding weather, this could not be undertaken until the 23d, more than five full days after the arrival of the balloonists at the post.

Grateful to Little Community

As all the world knows, it took the hardy Indian guides, familiar with every inch of the Missinabi trail, eleven days to reach Mattice, where the findings were sent out.

The balloonists appeared unable to find words adequately to express their gratitude for the attention shown them during their stay at Moose Factory. Every means at the disposal of the little community that could be applied to their comfort was exhausted, the officers said.

There was no ceremony on the part of the Indians in welcoming the strangers to their midst, but at Christmas there were numerous touches to make the Americans feel as much at home as possible.

On the homeward trail the balloonists and their guides put forth every

possible effort to cover the ground as quickly as possible. The Indians traveled with but one pack, a muskox coat, wool cap, moccasins and snowshoes. For the dogs they carried the meat of hair seals, such as are found along the Newfoundland coast, while they exchanged with them one of their long trails for making camp at night, but no stove.

Lived on Tea and Beaver Meat

Food on the trip was tea, hard biscuits, salt pork and beaver meat. Rabbit skin blankets were used to keep off chill while sleeping, and outside the tent a fire was built every night with brushwood.

Every day on the trip along the river the party would break camp at dawn, stopping at noon for about an hour to eat and recuperate. The dogs were never unharmed, even at night, but lay down in the snow. The trail was resumed until about 4:30, when the early twilight made it necessary to stop again and make camp for the night. The Indians then would busy themselves procuring firewood and getting a fire under way, while the Americans assisted in putting up the tent.

Nearly every stop was made either in or close to the river, and it was only necessary to cut through the ice to get an ample supply of water. But on one or two occasions, when it became necessary to make a trail through the woods, snow was melted for drinking and cooking purposes. According to the Indians, the dogs never drink water in the winter, quenching their thirst solely by lapping up a mouthful of snow at intervals.

Daniels Congratulates

Returned Balloonists

Proud of Intrepid Air Force

You and Companions So Well Represent, Message to Kloor

From The Tribune's Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Official news of the safe arrival of the navy balloonists at Mattice reached the Navy Department shortly before 4 o'clock today from the Canadian Air Board at Ottawa.

Secretary Daniels immediately dispatched a congratulatory message to Lieutenant I. A. Kloor, commanding the expedition, on the safe return of the balloonists.

Effective Printing

Below City Prices

Our location outside the high rent area—though but one hour from New York—gives us an advantage over city printers which we are glad to share with our customers.

In our modern plant we produce direct-by-mail advertising, house organs, catalogs and general commercial printing at 10 to 25% below city prices.

When may we call and talk things over.

GLENN COVE ECHO PRESS, Inc. Tel. 915-W

Glenn Cove Long Island

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL BANK SAVINGS

The Board of Trustees has declared a Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of

Four Per Cent. Per Annum

ON ALL DEPOSITS FROM \$5 TO \$5,000 ENTITLED THERETO.

TO GIVE OUR DEPOSITORS THE FULL ADVANTAGE OF THE DAYS OF GRACE ALLOWED BY THE BANKING LAW, INTEREST WILL BE PAID FROM JAN. 1, 1921, ON ALL DEPOSITS RECEIVED UP TO AND INCLUDING JAN. 13, 1921.

ASSETS \$216,000,000

Men's Underwear

at a 33 1/3% Reduction

We are placing on sale practically our entire stock of Men's Underwear at a reduction of 33 1/3% from our regular retail price. Included in the various weights, lengths and sizes are:

Natural Wool, Silk and Wool, White Merino, Balbriggan and Lisle Thread from the best Foreign and Domestic Manufacturers in both Union and two-piece suits. Also Wallace Linen Mesh in a complete range of sizes.

Sale of Men's Shirts

33 1/3% Reduction

We are continuing the sale of our complete assortment of "McCutcheon Label" Shirts at the above reduction.

Men's Department; 33d Street Entrance Just East of Fifth Avenue.

James McCutcheon & Co.

Fifth Avenue, 34th and 33d Streets

Deeper-than-ever January Reductions on Winter Suits and Overcoats

In a period when price is of outstanding importance we have made vigorous reductions. But quality is unaltered—the high standards of these stores have not been adulterated—we have fully maintained the superiorities which of themselves establish the value of our clothing at any price level. Therefore, the fact that the sale is exclusively of our regular stocks serves to emphasize the reductions.

The Suit Reductions	The Overcoat Reductions
\$50, \$55 and \$60 Suits Reduced to \$37.50	\$50, \$55 and \$60 Overcoats now \$37.50
\$65, \$70 and \$75 " " " \$46.50	\$65, \$75 and \$80 " " " \$49.50
\$75, \$78 and \$80 " " " \$53.50	\$85, \$90 and \$100 " " " \$66.50
\$85, \$90 to \$110 " " " \$63.50	\$110, \$115 and \$125 " " " \$74.50

Golf Suits included in above reductions

Barbary Coats also materially reduced

No Charge for Alterations

Substantial reductions also prevail on Dress and Tuxedo Coats and Trousers and Cutaway Coats and Waistcoats and Striped Worsteds Trousers.

Reversible Leather Coats, ideal for sport and general wear, formerly \$100 to \$115, now \$50

Weber and Heilbroner

Clothiers, Haberdashers and Hatters—Thirteen Stores

*241 Broadway	*1185 Broadway	58 Nassau
345 Broadway	*44th and Broadway	150 Nassau
775 Broadway	1363 Broadway	20 Cortlandt
*30 Broad	*42nd and Fifth Ave.	*Clothing at these Stores
*381 Fulton St., Borough Hall, Brooklyn		*800 Brnd St., Newark

Lined Gloves For Men and Women

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240 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

2nd Floor—145 Tremont Street

London—89 Regent Street

Relief Employment Agencies use The "Lined" to reach wide awake employees and successful business concerns—Advt.

Farrell Floors Hinton With Fist on Reaching Mattice

(Continued from page one)

snow. I believe the water from the moose licks was what later made me sick at my stomach.

Ate Caribou Moss Before Going to Sleep

We covered only about four miles during Tuesday afternoon, but on Wednesday we must have gone about seven or eight. Hinton kept ahead at first, going off to the west, until I suggested that we should change our course to due east. We did this, and about thirty minutes later came to a small creek called by the Indians Nesochaga Creek. This was not frozen, and we followed along the banks all day. At night we camped by this stream. We were all in good shape and not particularly hungry. At noon we had built a fire and rested for a short time, but had not killed another pigeon, as we were anxious to make them last as long as possible.

At 10 o'clock Wednesday morning I decided to let my grip go, so I put it up in a tree. It had been fouled in the thick brush. I took my good English shoes out and put them on, and as my flying boots were badly tattered, I threw them away. That night Hinton and Kloor also threw away their aviation boots. That was our second night to camp out, and we ate nothing but caribou moss before going to sleep. We all felt pretty well, but, as you can imagine, there was not much cheer.

By this time we were beginning to think that dog-bark proposition was pretty phony.

We heard all kinds of noises and had seen lots of wolf tracks. That night Kloor said he prayed. We all figured we were in a pretty tough jam and felt blue. Kloor hardly spoke at all. Hinton and I discussed the situation and talked of many theories of ways and means of getting out. The superstition, in which all men of the sea believe to some extent, made itself evident in the belief expressed by all three officers that the third day would bring luck.

We had great hopes for that day, and all had a hunch that something would turn up. That morning, which was Thursday, we ate the second pigeon, at the same time killing the other, which Kloor had in his pocket, to avoid carrying the cage. That morning Hinton felt very weak, but Kloor and I were fairly fresh. We all were beginning to feel the strain though, and my stomach got bad. Hinton also said he felt nauseated. I was just as clear mentally as I am now.

The hunger and cold could have been easily endured if only we knew where we were going. But it was hard to keep cheerful when we had not the least idea where we were. The general feeling was that we were somewhere in the State of New York, but somehow I thought we were in Canadian woods. We had a compass, and so knew definitely that we were not walking in circles, but there was no assurance that we were not walking uselessly, for there was no telling whether we were fifty or a hundred miles or more from the nearest habitation.

That day I began to lag behind a little, and Hinton suggested I lay off my flying suit. This I did, and he wrapped it around his waist, blanket-fashion. I was then in my underclothing.

Just before building our fire at noon I had a fall over a tree stump into a hole about three feet deep. I badly scratched my shins, but got up alone. That day, Thursday, we ate nothing but a little moss, being loath to kill our last pigeon until we were forced to do so, and we did not pretty bad when the day closed and we had had no luck.

Hinton suggested Farrell letters. Hinton suggested that we write Farrell letters and put them in our pockets. But I said that there would be plenty of time for that if we should be able to give up. That night we were extremely cold and was the worst by far that we had experienced. Hinton could hardly hold his head up to the camp fire. Hinton and I lay down, but neither of us slept. We sat before the fire all night. Next morning Kloor was greatly refreshed, but Hinton and I were gradually getting weaker.

Hinton proved the best man at making fires, and he looked after this part of the work all the time. Once he used two matches before the fire could be got burning, and we felt horrified at the waste of one match.

Make Better Time on Ice

That was Friday morning, and I thought the ice looked strong enough to bear me, so I got on. As soon as I would hold me up I yelled out to the others, who were a little distance in the woods, and they came on the ice. We found we could make much better time on the ice than by walking through the woods following the stream. In about one hour we got down to a river of considerable size, which we later found is called Moose River. This was about 10 o'clock Friday morning. Kloor was in the lead when we struck the river and I was walking a little in the rear with Hinton. Kloor noticed sleigh tracks on the river, and we followed these about five miles, when we suddenly noticed a man on the other side of the river. We crossed over and found he was an Indian.

At first sight of us he began to walk hurriedly away, but on our calling out he stopped and waited until we caught up. We had some difficulty in making our position clear to him, but he finally sensed that we were lost. Kloor gave him a cigarette and I asked Hinton to give him a dollar, which he did. I had \$25 on me, but no small change.

Hinton had about \$20 and Kloor had no money at all, so far as I know.

Kloor's Exploit Began As 'Little Test Flight'

Adventure of a kind rarely known to the three balloonists in the performance of an ample navy duty, a test flight in the routine of general department orders, to test air currents among the clouds above their home station at Rockaway, N. Y.

The officers set out in a free balloon which "let go" about noon, December 12.

Early in the afternoon of December 13, after a wild night's ride in the little storm-tossed basket of their balloon, Lieutenants Farrell, Hinton and Kloor landed, wearied from a desperate flight, their rations gone and in a snow-blanketed forest of a frozen country unknown to them—face to face with all the perils of the winter in Northern wilds.

Ninety-six hours after Farrell, Hinton and Kloor had sailed away in their free balloon search was started for them. Army airplanes were dispatched into the Adirondack country, and the authorities of New York State and Canada bent every effort to aid in the hunt. Naval officers at Rockaway plotted the probable course of the missing balloon, and reports from Wells and neighboring townships told of citizens having "spotted" lights swinging in the skies as from a ship in the clouds progressing toward the international line.

Unbelievable, Mrs. Farrell Says of Reported Flight

Although a "scarlet fever" sign hung last night from the door of the home of Mrs. Anna L. Farrell, at 1701 Woodbine Street, Ridgewood, Queens, and her little girl is confined to her bed, the wife of the eldest of the three balloonists discussed the home-coming of her husband and his companions.

Mrs. Farrell characterized as "unbelievable" the report that her husband and Lieutenant Hinton had come to blows as a result of the latter's statement concerning Farrell's condition in a letter to Mrs. Hinton.

"After what those men have endured," she said, "I cannot believe them to be anything else but brothers for the rest of their lives. No one of them deserves any more credit than the others. They are heroes—all three of them."

Mrs. Farrell said that her husband was accustomed to facing danger. "He has flown many times," she declared, "and during the war was in England as a flying man, would rather he should tell about his war experiences. I think he will be pleased when he gets back and finds that I have not been doing a lot of talking. That is for him to do. When he comes out of the wilderness he will have a story to tell and that story will be worth waiting for. He was always a good talker and I think he ought to be able to write an excellent story."

When asked whether her husband could be described as "delicate," Mrs. Farrell showed a photograph of him. "You can see how delicate he is," she said, smiling.

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Daniels Makes Public Telegram From Kloor

From The Tribune's Washington Bureau WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Secretary Daniels authorizes the following: "The Navy Department to-night received from Lieutenant Kloor, commanding the navy balloonists who landed at Moose Factory, Canada, the following dispatch: "Secretary United States Navy, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.: "Report free balloon A-5598, flown under my command, passengers Lieutenants Farrell and Hinton, from naval air station, Rockaway, December 13. Encountered storm, forced duration flight abandon [garbled], stormy area, landing impossible, for safety, could forced land December 14 in forest, approximately twenty miles northeast Moose Factory, James Bay, Ontario, Canada. Reached Moose Factory safely December 15. Substituted and transferred this place, Hudson Bay Company. Proceeded January 12 naval air station, Rockaway."

Distance and Buoyancy Theories Upset by Flight

MATTICE, Ont., Jan. 11.—Lieutenant Kloor said that by the flight of the American naval aeronauts the scientific fact was established that a balloon with a capacity of 35,000 cubic feet had buoyancy enough to travel 1,200 miles. Previously, he said, it had been thought this feat was impossible for

even a dirigible with less than 90,000 cubic feet capacity.

In connection with the above, aviation experts in this city pointed out last night that apparently the statement was incomplete. It was stated that a balloon of 35,000 cubic feet capacity could travel that distance only when the wind conditions were favorable and strong enough to carry it 1,200 miles within the period that it buoyancy remained sufficient to sustain it in the air together with its load.

The buoyancy of a free balloon of that capacity would remain approximately thirty-six hours. It would be after that if the aeronauts were compelled to use the valve to any extent to control altitude. Lieutenant Kloor and his two companions, said, had met with an unusually strong and steady wind in the

THE DOCTORS' ADVICE

Dr. Wiley says: "Nothing I have ever said about a diet is too strong to say about oranges."

Another prominent doctor says: "I highly recommend oranges to destroy organisms that cause sickness."

Still another says: "Nothing clears the complexion like a glass of orange juice daily."

The CHILDS restaurant make it a pleasure to follow the doctors' advice.

Oranges famous for their delicious flavor, also delightfully refreshing orange juice.

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You are getting the benefit of low Sterling exchange on a garment that ordinarily commands a premium over any other English overcoat you can buy—saving twenty dollars on a coat that is easily twenty dollars finer in woolsens and workmanship than any other English overcoat on the market—literally realizing that great stock market hope, of getting in at the bottom and out at the top!

A Varied Selection at \$75.00

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Deeper-than-ever January Reductions on Winter Suits and Overcoats

In a period when price is of outstanding importance we have made vigorous reductions. But quality is unaltered—the high standards of these stores have not been adulterated—we have fully maintained the superiorities which of themselves establish the value of our clothing at any price level. Therefore, the fact that the sale is exclusively of our regular stocks serves to emphasize the reductions.

The Suit Reductions	The Overcoat Reductions
\$50, \$55 and \$60 Suits Reduced to \$37.50	\$50, \$55 and \$60 Overcoats now \$37.50
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Barbary Coats also materially reduced

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